

MARVEL
24th June 89

THE REAL

№54 40p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

UNLESS
I AM VERY MUCH
MISTAKEN, EGON,
THIS IS MOST
UNSCIENTIFIC!

HEY,
HANG LOOSE,
WINSTON!





Shuffle, squelch and shake those hips! Yes folks, the *living dead* are amongst us and they're hell-bent upon enjoying themselves, too! Never let it be said that a zombie doesn't like a good dance around its handbag, or even around its *hand* for that matter, seeing as they have a tendency to fall off! Anyway, **Zombies-Dance of the Dead!** is a real rave from the grave! Then there's more mind-mania in this week's text story, **Mess-up in a Bottle!** Egon and Winston have experienced things which made them a little mad before, but this time they really have a struggle to try and *keep their minds!* Then, to round off the entertainments, we have our other main story, **Supernatural Bowl!** In this tale of football phantoms, Slimer becomes involved in the game as more than just *ball-boy!* So read on and *kick-off* in good style...

CONTENTS

Zombies-Dance of the Dead!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Mess-up in a Bottle!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: The Mind Boggles	13
Dead True!	14
Supernatural Bowl!	15
Ghost Writing	21
Blimey! It's Slimer!	22
Next Issue/Mighty Marvel Checklist	23

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE

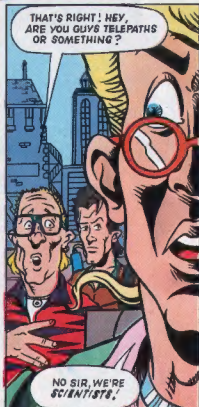
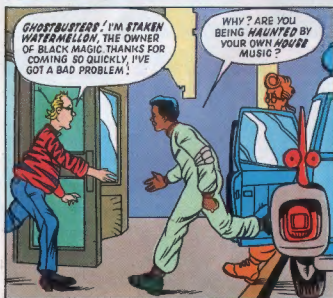
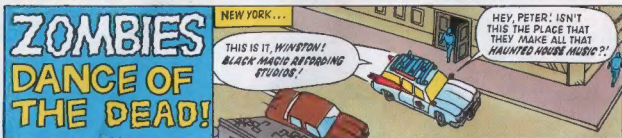


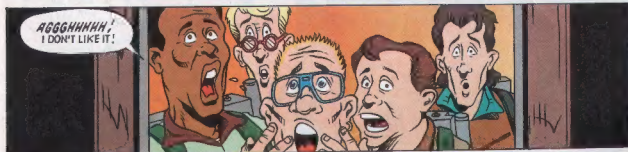
JANINE
MELNITZ



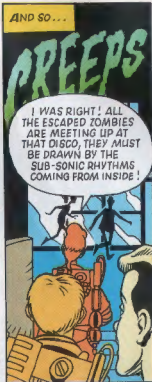
SLIMER

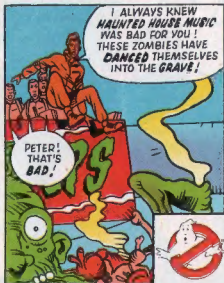
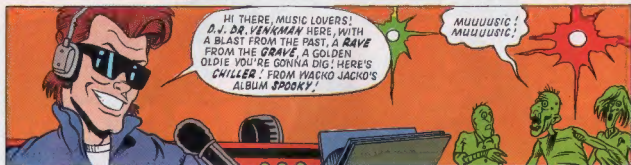
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™













TOM & JERRY



It's Magic!

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Where we human inhabitants of the mortal domain have sport-orientated entertainments like Superbowl, the Americas Cup, the Le Mans 24 hr, Wimbledon and Eddie Edwards, the ghostly dwellers in the Supercosmos have their own alternatives to keep themselves amused. I thought I'd take this opportunity to tell you all about them:



SPORTS FOR SPOOKS

NUMBLY

Played on every alternate Nergsday in the Spirit world, Numbly involves two teams of twenty-six spooks each. No spook over Class four is allowed to play, so this is a relatively minor fracas. The first team goes out into Numb first, the Captain and the Second Under-Blanket Captain both carrying the stout, hickory wood Numbly-racquets. On a pre-ordained signal (traditionally the self-combustion of each team's First Reserve Backstop) the two teams commence trying to Numb the opposition as quickly, thoroughly, and savagely as is spiritually possible. The winning team is the one with any members not Numb by extra time. The games never usually reach extra time.

PART 54

PRO-CELEBRITY MOFFLING

Very popular in the Supercosmos, Pro-Celebrity Moffling is watched by millions of spooktators every year. The Contestants are usually only major demons over Class six. Last year's cliff-hanging final had Gozer hanging over a cliff, Bopple-nozzyporp pinned under thirteen thousand tons of granite chippings and Vossk incorporated into his component ecto-atoms at the thirty thousand yard line. At that point, brimstone stopped play and the contest was held over until this year. 'Moffling' is, incidentally, a spook word meaning

'to batter, beat, smash or otherwise disincorporate whilst wearing numbered jerseys and whistling the theme from *Doctor Zhivago*.

SYNCHRONISED BLERTY


It is, apparently, a sight so impressive as to bring a tear of pride to any gremlin's nose to see four or five million gremlins all going blerty at once. It is highly recommended that if you are a normal sane human being, you shouldn't go out of your way to watch even one gremlin going blerty, let alone four or five million simultaneously. You are likely to find something going blerty not only confusing, worrying and potentially dangerous, but also downright offensive.

HEAVWEIGHT JAGGLEY

This is probably the Spirit World's most popular sport. This is the one that can be played by any number of spooks acting together or independently. There is no particular season or time of year that it is preferable to play it in. The object of the game is to get down onto the plane of the Mortal World and scare the living jaggley bobblights out of any human you can find. Sounds familiar, huh...?

MESS-UP IN A BOTTLE!



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

What is a Cobbadombady? What is a burial twode? What are thulking straps? Can you dig it? We're in for some serious bad craziness here . . .

"Three free roamers in the lounge?"
Check!"

"The pointy-toother in the spare bedroom?"

"Check!"

"The gaseous repeater in the pantry?"

"Check!"

"The full torso in the airing cupboard?"

"Er . . . hang on . . . yup! Check!"

"Well," said Egon, flopping down into a nearby armchair, "That Winston, seems to me like a good job very well done!"

"Yup!" agreed the other ghostbuster, making use of a nearby sofa. "Man! Am I bushed! How can one little country mansion be so full of spooks?"

Egon shrugged and looked around at the odd assembly of artifacts and books that scattered the study they had come to rest in. Bizarre three dimensional brass pentangles stood on stands on the desk, astrological charts decorated the walls, a nearby glass case held a selection of rare and priceless voodoo charms from the Pacific Islands. "It strikes me," said Egon, "That Mr Maisely, the late owner of this house was most interested in the Occult. His collection of Pre-Colombian burial twodes and thulking straps is quite exceptional."

"Do tell . . .?" murmured Winston, now dozing on the sofa, "So you think this Maisely guy attracted lots of ghosts to his house on purpose?"

Egon picked up one of the twodes and thulked it experimentally.

"I would think the aura of a man interested in the arcane would lead many denizens of the Supercosmos to make their homes here. It was, I imagine, a sympathetic ambience."

"Do tell . . .?" said Winston again, squinting up at Egon. "So what's that you're fiddling with?"

"It's a Cobbadombady, and a particularly

good example of one."

"And what, my man, is a Cobbadombady when it's at home?"

"It's a small engraved bottle carved from quartz, which is said to have the property of attracting and manipulating spirits and phantoms of the other side," explained Egon.

"Uh huh," said Winston. "And what are all those little bitty markings on it?"

"Those are inscribed characters from the ancient alphabet of Pungonlia. They are the magical motivating force behind the Cobbadombady's power."

"Uh huh," Winston said. "So why is it glowing like that?"

Egon paused before replying. When he did reply, this is what he said: "Chill out, man, I figure we got bad vibes comin' our way! This dang spook bottle is doin' its thing!"



This was made even more unusual by the fact that Winston replied to this by saying, "Most perplexing. This doesn't usually happen!"



"Man!" cried Egon excitedly, "You sound like me, you dig?"

"Indeed, that does appear to be the case..." Winston said, "and one might be tempted to suggest the reverse was also true."

Egon turned the Cobbadombady over in his hands and searched for a clue to the problem. "Like freaky!" he muttered. "This lil' doohickey seems to be the cause of our serious bad craziness, but why, man, I cannot tell you, and that's the truth!"

"If I might be permitted to examine the object in question, I might be able to ascertain the real nature of our predicament," said Winston.

"Hang loose, my man," snapped Egon, "You are in no way familiar enough with a spook bottle to figure our way out of this mess, you dig?"

"I take it that it was your considerable experience with Cobbadombady's such as this, that has lead to us being in this regrettable situation in the first place," countered Winston.

"Stay cool, man, there's no need to get a real bad attitude about this, you dig? Ain't my fault this little gizmo has played us the fool. I'll just try and figure out how we can do the ol' switcheroo back again."

"To be quite frank, I think I already have!" said Winston.

"Okay wiseguy..." said Egon, holding out the Cobbadombady for Winston.

With a smile, Winston took the bottle and dropped it on the floor, where it broke into a thousand pieces.

"See, my man?" he said.

"Most unscientific," replied Egon.

**

When they arrived back at HQ, Ray was waiting for them anxiously.

"Quick, Egon!" he cried, "We got a real problem here. Peter brought this little glass bottle back with him from the last bust, and it seems to have done the most awful thing!"

"Egoodegoodygoo, Petey buddy buddy yip!" explained Peter desperately.

"You heard the man, help!" added Slimer.

"We don't know what to do," said Ray. "It's obviously a supernatural problem too great for us to deal with. Only your great knowledge of the Supercosmos can give us the answer!"

"Well..." replied Egon, glancing at Winston who was smiling broadly, "I think Winston has the best solution to these cases."

Winston, perhaps we ought to demonstrate your 'Zeddmore Patent Low-effect Receivership Pass with optional fragmentation facility.'"

"Hey," said Winston, "I'd rather just drop the bottle..."



THE MIND BOGGLES

The Mind Boggles were just as the name suggests. . . mind boggling! They had the fiendish ability of being able to take the mind of a person or thing with the intention of inserting it into another person or thing and vice versa. Such horrors! The beings themselves were actually ancient para-psychic spirits which appeared to take great delight in causing havoc for suitable candidates. Why not, as well? If you were a grossly hideous hybrid, composed of creatures such as scorpions, flies and pincer-wielding crustaceans, then you would probably take great delight in interfering with beings who are powerless to defend themselves against a swift mind transplant! The wicked brain scramblers were, however, powerless against the technology of our ghost-busting heroes, who promptly doomed them to a life in the Containment Unit.



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



One of the most baffling mysteries of all time has to be the case of a Mr. David Lang who simply vanished from the face of the earth on September 23, 1880. Surely this couldn't be true! Well, unhappily for his nearest and dearest, it was, for the man just ceased to exist, in front of five witnesses, too.

According to the reports of those who saw the incident, Lang was strolling leisurely across the field in front of his Tennessee home, as he experienced what were to be his final moments. Everything appeared to be as normal; his offspring were playing by the house, and his wife had just emerged from the house to greet an approaching buggy carrying Judge August Peck and his brother-in-law.

David smiled, having

spotted the visitors and waving, he began to walk towards the house. A dozen or so paces later, an ear-shattering scream pierced the air. SHHRRIEEEK!

The five incredulous onlookers stared in disbelief at the spot where disappearing Dave had been... there was nothing! They ran to the spot, but still there was nothing. Mrs. Lang thrashed the ground with her fists in disbelief and despair.

It was decided that they should then conduct a search, so the five witnesses, along with various neighbours who gathered during the course of the day, began to investigate the area.

Night came, yet still there was no joy.

The next day, the spot where Lang had vanished was inspected by the local county surveyor. He came to the conclusion that there were certainly no

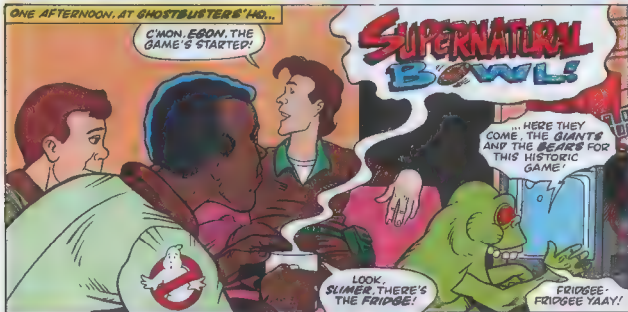
potholes or caves in which a person could fall, for the ground was supported by a thick layer of limestone! Whatever next!

This was not the end of the horrors, however. The family which had been reduced to little more than a gibbering shadow of its former self, was in for another shock. For about six months later, the eldest child called her mother to the site of the disappearance, saying that there was a 'ring' around the place. She also stated that she could hear her father calling for help in a tortured voice which seemed to fade away again to nothing. Mrs. Lang could not hear this voice, but to her complete horror there was, upon the spot, a perfectly formed circle of withered grass, 20 feet across! Gulp!

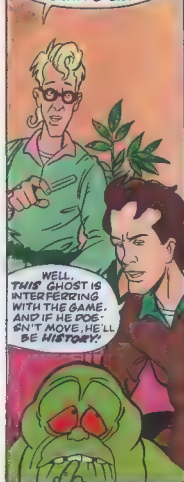


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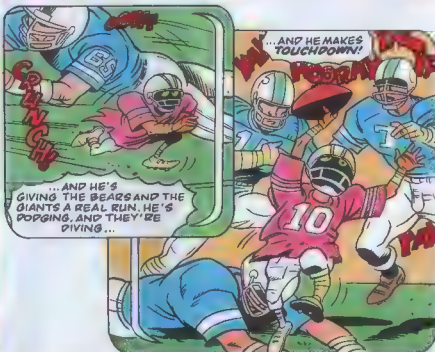
ONE AFTERNOON, AT GHOSTBUSTERS' HQ...

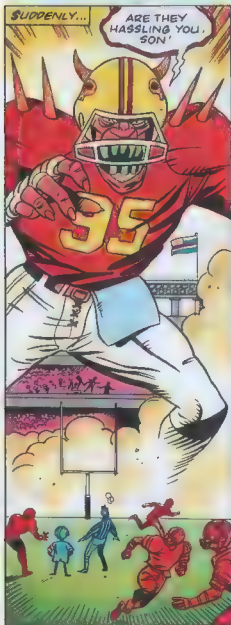
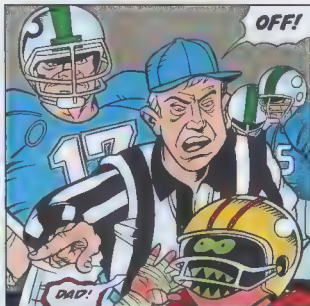
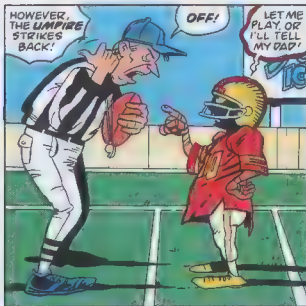


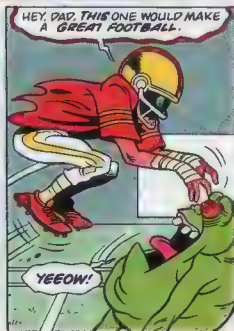
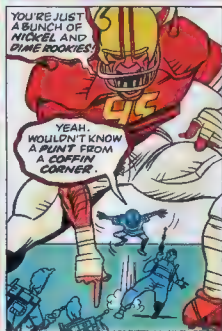
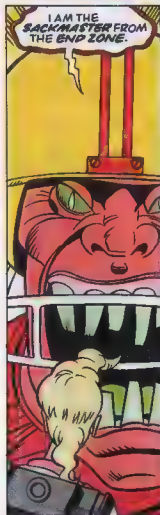
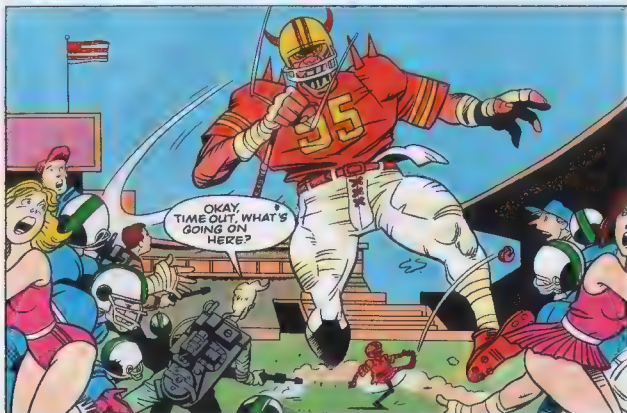
DID YOU KNOW THAT AN IRISHMAN AND A GHOST BROUGHT THE GAME TO NEW YORK, PETER.

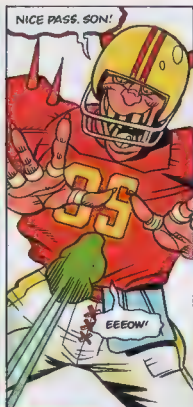
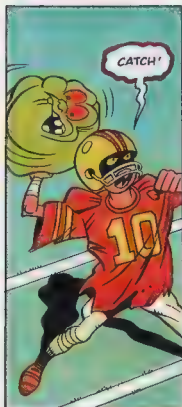


THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!







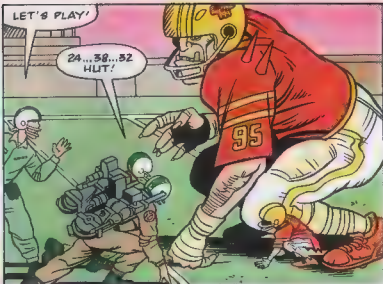


WE'LL HAVE TO BRUSH UP ON FOOTBALL FOR THIS ONE. GET THEM ON THE OFFENSIVE AND THEN TRY A RED GRANGE PINGER ATTACK. BLITZ THE BIG GUY WHILE HE'S WATCHING THE BALL



LET'S PLAY!

24...38...52
HIT!

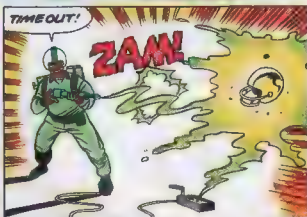


THIS IS A
GRIPPER
ROASTING!

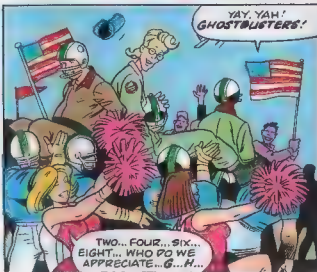


TIME OUT!

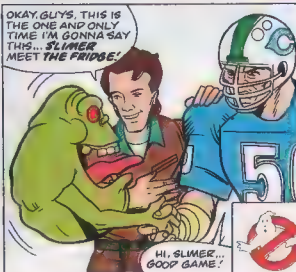
ZAM!

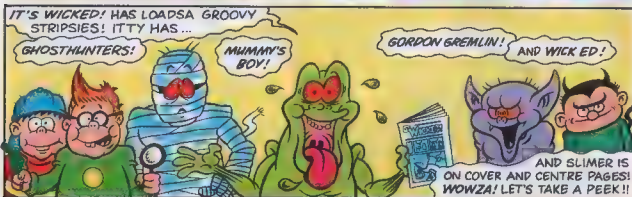
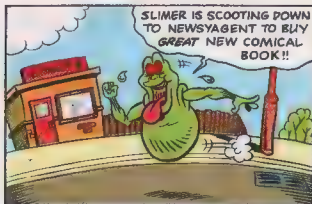


YAY, YAH!
GHOSTBUSTERS!



OKAY, GUYS, THIS IS
THE ONE AND ONLY
TIME I'M GONNA SAY
THIS... SLIMER
MEET THE FRIDGE!





IT'S **ON SALE NOW!**

WICKED!

GH^{OST} WRITING!



Yippee! It's that time of the week again . . . time to rummage through the enormous sack of mail that is the Ghostbusters' post bag. Here goes . . .

Dear Peter . . .

I have some questions for you:

1. If Slimer possessed you, what would you look like?
2. Why did the police want to shut down your Containment Unit?
3. How many ghosts have you busted?

— Daniel Glegg, Bognor Regis

Thanks for your questions Dan. 1. It's funny you should ask that, really, 'cos I was kind of possessed by Slimer once as you may recall, in a story called 'The Mind Boggles'. I actually became Slimer in everything but appearance and vice versa. Quite frightening as a concept, as it goes. 2. The police, along with an irate Environmental Officer and an Electricity Company

official shut down the Containment Unit because they felt that the Unit was hazardous to the environment. Which it is, but only when it's shut down! 3. Sorry, but I lost count when I ran out of fingers!

Please could you tell Slimer that my mum loves him and if he feels like a holiday, he can stay at our house any time as long as you tell us a couple of days in advance so that we can get the food in.

— Daryl Brown, Shrewsbury

Are you sure you know what you're saying, Daryl? I mean, wow, that sounds so . . . tempting!

In the film, when you were busting Slimer, Egon said that you shouldn't cross the streams from the Proton Guns. When Mr. Stay Puft arrived, though, Egon told you to cross them. Why is this?

— Jordan Clark, Neath

Well, don't forget that at this time, all our equipment was fairly new to us and we hadn't discovered the fullness of the power which was at our disposal. It is potentially very dangerous to cross the streams, however, in some cases it is the only way of combating the awesome powers at hand. I'd like to say at this point that this takes an immense amount of bravery! Egon actually wants to spend much of his time studying these things! Rather him than me.

I have a question for Winston: Winston are you a Beatles fan? I ask this because in the story 'Hair Today, Ghoul Tomorrow', you made a whopping great reference to the Beatles' "Here, There and Everywhere". Was this intentional or was it just a slip of the tongue?

— Bernard Ferrara, S. Croydon

Winston tells me, Bernard, that he is not averse to the odd bit of Beatlemania. He thinks they're, "so cute and English".

I think you are cool, so don't worry about anything at all. I've got some questions for you.

1. How do you get the ghosts from the Ghost Trap into the Containment Unit?
2. Did Janine make all your suits?
3. Has Slimer ever worn any clothes?

— Erin Hollebon, Sapperton

Well, thanks for your vote of confidence! 1. There's a special slot in the Containment Unit where the traps are placed and the ghost released. 2. No, Janine is our receptionist, not our tailor! 3. Slimer has been known to adorn himself with articles of clothing, but this isn't generally usual behaviour for him. The slime makes it a little impractical. You may remember a story called 'Nobody's Slimer', where he wore a cutesy little baby bonnet to try and get sympathy!

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!

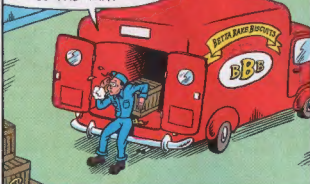


AT THE BETTA BAKE BISCUIT FACTORY...



I'VE GOT TO
DELIVER A VAN LOAD
OF BISCUITS TO THE
SUPERMARKET! PUFF!

THESE BOXES ARE HEAVY, BUT
IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG
TO FILL THE VAN.



TEN BOXES
LATER...

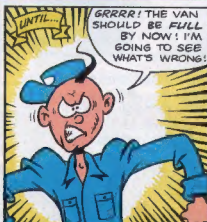


PUFF! PANT!
STILL NOT
FULL!

TWENTY BOXES
LATER...

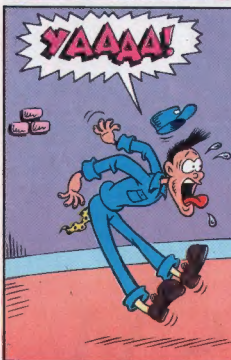


GASP!
WHEEZE!
PANT!



GRRRR! THE VAN
SHOULD BE FULL
BY NOW! I'M
GOING TO SEE
WHAT'S WRONG!

YAAAA!



YUMMY YUM YUM!
YOU HOO SO KIND TO
GIVE SLIMER SO
MANY BOX OF BISCUITS!
GIMME MORE!

BURP!



IT'LL SHIVER YOUR TIMBERS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 223** This week we have the first of a series of five stories with the linking theme of Evil. **Aspects of Evil**, is by Furman and Anderson, and features Scorpionok. **PLUS** the continuing story of **Wanted - Galvatron, Dead or Alive**. What more could you ask for?!

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 54** Something creepy at the disco in **Zombies, Dance of the Dead**, by Carnell, Williams and Hall. American football gets out of hand in **Supernatural Bowl**, by Fabian, Parkhouse and Harwood, and there's a real mixed-up text story by Dan Abnett, called **Mess-Up in a Bottle**. A real spine-tingler of an issue, that's for sure!

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 8** Time Bomb, by Parkhouse and Wetherall features a fantastic guest appearance by the Doctor, of Doctor Who fame, in an explosive time travelling

story that sees our mechanoid hero alter the course of history!

☐ **DOCTOR WHO 150** In this special giant-size bumper issue the Ice Warriors make an appearance, along with the Cybermen, and the villainous Master. There are also exclusive photographs from the classic 1965 story, **The Dalek Master Plan**. **PLUS** 20 BBC videos must be won in our exciting competition!

DON'T MISS...

☐ **THUNDERCATS 98** In this month's issue Lion-O meets Domin-a, a beautiful enchantress - but is she as friendly as she appears? You can also read Part Three of **Friends in Need**, and Part Four of the classic story **Worlds in Chaos**. **PLUS** Part Two of the Third Earth map, activities, and much more!

ON SALE NOW!



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